Mrs B. Maurice
21 Trinity St.

NO. XXX. PRICE 1s.

TOM BURKE

OF "OURS."

No. 17.

EDITED BY

HARRY LORREQUER

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIZ

WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND CO., SACKVILLE-STREET, DUBLIN.

W. S. ORR AND COMPANY, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

TO PIRATES IN THE BRITISH COLONIES.

MESSRS. CURRY AND CO.,

Having learned that MR. LEVER'S WORKS *are printed by various Booksellers and Newspaper Proprietors in the British Colonies, without permission, hereby give notice that it is their determination to proceed at law against all persons infringing their Copyrights.*

Dublin, 1st July, 1843.

IMPORTANT WORKS

IN THE PRESS OR LATELY PUBLISHED BY

WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY,

DUBLIN.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

A HANDBOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN IRELAND. By JAMES FRASER. Third Thousand, carefully revised and corrected. Crown 8vo, 12s. cl.
An Edition may be had with 16 additional Road Maps, 16s. cloth.

OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND, from the Earliest Period to the Union in 1800. Intended for the Use of Schools and Families. Small 8vo, with Illustrations, 3s. 6d. bound.

TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY. By WILLIAM CARLETON. With a Portrait and Memoir of the Author. Superbly Illustrated, 8vo, 14s. cloth.

FARDOROUGHA THE MISER; OR, THE CONVICTS OF LISNAMONA. By WILLIAM CARLETON. Second edition, small 8vo, 6s. cloth.

AUSTRIA; its Literary, Scientific, and Medical Institutions, with Notes on the Present State of Science in Vienna. By W. R. WILDE, M.R.I.A. &c. Crown 8vo, 9s. 6d. cloth.

NARRATIVE of a VOYAGE to MADEIRA, TENERIFFE, and along the SHORES of the MEDITERRANEAN, including Gibraltar, Malta, Algiers, Egypt, Palestine, Rhodes, and Greece. By W. R. WILDE, M.R.I.A. Second Edition, thoroughly revised. One vol. 8vo, with Illustrations. *Nearly ready.*

MEMOIR OF THE UNION, AND THE AGITATIONS FOR ITS REPEAL. By an IRISH CATHOLIC. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

THE IRISH QUESTION CONSIDERED IN ITS INTEGRITY. By VISCOUNT WELLESLEY. 8vo, 6s. cloth.

O'SULLIVAN THE BANDIT CHIEF: A LEGEND OF KILLARNEY. IN SIX CANTOS. By VISCOUNT MASSEREENE and FERRARD. 8vo, 5s. cloth.

FLORA HIBERNICA. By JAMES TOWNSEND MACKAY, M.R.I.A. 8vo, 16s. cloth.

HISTORY OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, KILMAINHAM, from the Original Foundation in 1174 to the Present Time. With copious Notes and an Appendix. By the REV. NATHANAEL BURTON, LL.D., Assistant Reader to the Royal Hospital. With Plates, 8vo, 10s.

Cut and run.

The "Big Drum" in a state of abstraction.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

JENA AND AUERSTADT.

"He has forgotten me," said I, half aloud, as I watched the retiring figures of the Emperor and his staff till they disappeared in the gloom. "He has forgotten me! Now to find out my brigade. A great battle is before us, and there may still be a way to refresh his memory." With such thoughts I set forward in the direction of the picquet-fires, full sure that I should meet some skirmishers of our cavalry there.

As I went, the drums were beating towards the distant left, and gradually the sounds crept nearer and nearer, as the infantry battalions began to form and collect their stragglers. A dense fog seemed to shut out the dawn, and with a thin and misty rain the heavy vapour settled down upon the earth, wrapping all things in a darkness deep as night itself.

From none could I learn any intelligence of the cavalry quarter, nor had any of those I questioned seen horsemen pass near them.

"The voltigeurs in the valley yonder may perhaps tell you something," said an officer to me, pointing to some fires in a deep glen beneath us; and thither I now bent my steps.

The dull rolling of the drums gradually swelled into one continued roar, through which the clank of steel and the tremulous tramp of marching columns could be heard. Spirit-stirring echoes were they, these awakening sounds of coming conflict; and how they nerved my heart, and set it bounding again with a soldier's ardour! As I descended the hill, the noise became gradually fainter, till at length I found myself in a narrow ravine, still and silent as the grave itself. The transition was so sudden and unexpected, that for a moment I felt a sense of loneliness and depression; and the thought struck me—what if I have pushed on too far? Can it be that I have passed our lines? But the officer spoke of the voltigeurs in front. I had seen the fires myself—there could be no doubt about it. I now increased my speed, and in less than half an hour gained a spot where the ground became more open and extended in front, and not more than a few hundred paces in advance were the watch-fires; and as I looked, I heard the swell of a number of voices singing in chorus on different sides of me. The effect was most singular, for the sounds came from various quarters at the same instant, and as they all chanted the same air, the *refrain* rung out and filled the valley. Beating time with their feet, they stepped to the tune, and formed themselves to the melody, as though it were the band of the regiment. I had often heard that this was a voltigeur habit, but never was witness to it before. The air was one well-known in that suburb of Paris whence the wildest and most

reckless of our soldiers came, and which they all joined in celebrating in this rude verse.

Picardy first, and then Champaigne—
France to the battle—on, boys, on.
Anjou, Bretagny, and Maine—
Hurrah for the Faubourg of St. Antoine!

I.

How pleasant the life of a voltigeur:
In the van of the fight he must ever be.
Of roughing and rations he's always sure—
With a comrade's share he may well make free.
Picardy first, and then Champaigne—
France to the battle—on, boys, on.
Anjou, Bretagny, and Maine—
Hurrah for the Faubourg of St. Antoine!

II.

The great guns thunder on yonder hill,
Closer than that they durst not go:
But the voltigeur comes nearer still—
With his bayonet fixed he meets the foe.

III.

The hussar's coat is slashed with gold,
He rides an Arab courser fleet:
But is the voltigeur less bold
Who meets his enemy on his feet?

IV.

The cuirassier is clad in steel,
His massive sword is straight and strong:
But the voltigeur can charge and wheel
With a step—his bayonet is just as long.

V.

The artillery-driver must halt his team
If the current be fast, or the water deep:
But the voltigeur can swim the stream,
And climb the bank, be it e'er so steep.

VI.

The voltigeur needs no trumpet sound—
No bugle has he to cheer him on:
Where the fire is hottest, that's his ground—
Hurrah for the Faubourg of St. Antoine!

As they came to the conclusion of this song, they kept up the air without words, imitating by their voices the roll of the drum in march-

ing-time. Joining the first party I came up with, I asked the officer in what direction of the field I should find the cuirassier brigade.

"That I can't tell you, comrade," said he; "no cavalry have appeared in our neighbourhood, nor are they likely, for all the ground is cut up and intersected so much they could not act. But our *Maitre d'armes* is the fellow to tell you. Holloa, François, come up here for a moment."

Before I could ask whether this was not my old antagonist at Elchingen, the individual himself appeared.

"Eh—what?" cried he, as he lifted a piece of firewood from the ground and stared me in the face by its light. "Not my friend Burke? Eh? By Jove, so it is."

Our cordial greetings being over, I asked Maitre François if he could give me any intelligence of D'Auvergne's division, or put me in the way to reach them.

"They're some miles off by this time," said he coolly. "When I was below the Plateau de Jena last night, that brigade you speak of got their orders to push forward to Auerstadt, to support Davoust's infantry. I mind it well, for they were sorely tired, and had just picquetted their horses, when the orderly came down with the despatch."

"And where does Auerstadt lie?"

"About four leagues to the other side of that tall mountain yonder."

"What then shall I do? I am dismounted, to begin with."

"And if you were not—if you had the best horse in the whole brigade, what would it serve you now, except to pass the day riding between two battle-fields, and see nothing of either, for we shall have hot work here, depend upon it. No, no, stay with us; be a voltigeur for to-day, and we'll show you something you'll not see from your bear-skin saddle."

"But I shall be in a sad scrape on account of my absence."

"Never mind that—the man that takes his turn with the voltigeurs of the 22d, won't be suspected of skulking. And here comes the major—report yourself to him at once."

Without waiting for any reply, Maitre François accosted the officer in question, and in a very few words explained my position.

"Nothing could come better timed," said the major. "One of ours has been sent with despatches to the rear, and we may not see him for some hours. Again, a light cavalry man must know how to skirmish, and we'll try your skill that way. Come along with me."

"To our next meeting, then," cried François, as I hurried on after the major, while once more the voltigeur ranks burst forth in full chorus, and the merry sounds filled the valley.

I followed the major down a somewhat steep and rugged path, at the foot of which, and concealed by a low copsewood, was a party consisting of two companies of the regiment, who formed the most advanced picquets, and were destined to exchange the first shots with the enemy.

Before us lay a defile, partly overgrown with trees on either side, which ascended by a gradual slope to the foot of the hill on which the Prussian infantry was stationed, and whose lines were tracked out by a

long train of watch-fires. A farm-house and its out-buildings occupied the side of the hill about half-way up, and this was garrisoned by the enemy, and defended by two guns in position in the defile. To surprise the post, and hold it until the main columns came up, was the object of the voltigeur attack; and for this purpose small bodies of men were assembling secretly and stealthily under cover of the brushwood, to burst forth on the word being given.

There was something which surprised me not a little in the way all these movements were effected. Officers and men were mixed up, as it seemed, in perfect confusion—not approaching in regular order, or taking up a position like disciplined troops, they came in twos and threes—crouching and creeping, and suddenly concealing themselves at every opportunity of cover the ground afforded.

Their noiseless and cautious gestures brought to my mind all that I had ever read of Indian warfare, and in their eager faces and quick piercing looks, I thought I could recognize the very traits of the red men. The commands were given by signals, and so rapidly interchanged were they from party to party, that the different groups seemed to move forward by one impulse, though the officer who led them was full a mile distant from where we were.

"Can you use a firelock, comrade?" said the major, as he placed in my hand a short musket, such as the voltigeurs carried. "Sling it at your back—you may find it useful up yonder. And now I must leave you: keep to this party. But what is this?—you musn't wear that shako—you'd soon be picked off with that tower of black fur on your head. Corporal, have you no spare foraging cap in your kit? Ah! that's something more becoming a 'tirailleur,' and, by Jove, I think it improves you wonderfully." The circumstance of becomingness was not exactly uppermost in my mind at the moment, but certainly I felt no small gratification at being provided with the equipment both of cap and fire-arms, which placed me on equality with those about me.

Scarcely had the major left us, when the corporal crept closely to my side, and with that mingled respect and familiarity a French "sous officier" assumes so naturally, said—"You wished to see something of a skirmish, captain, I suppose; well, you're like enough to be gratified—we're closing up rapidly now."

"What may be the strength of your battalion, corporal?"

"Twelve hundred men, sir, and they're every one at this instant in the valley, though I'll wager you don't see a bough move, nor a leaf stirring, to show where they lie hid. You see that low copse yonder—well, there's a company of ours beneath its shelter. But there goes the word to move on." A motion with his sword, the only command he gave, communicated the order, and the men, creeping stealthily on, obeyed the mandate, till, at another signal, they were halted.

From the little copse of brushwood where we now lay to the farm-house, the ground was completely open, not a shrub nor a bush grew; a slight ascent of the road led up to the gate, which could not be more than three hundred paces in front of us. We were stationed at some distance to the right of the road, but the field presented no obstacle or

impediment to our attack, and thither now were our looks turned—the short road which should lead to victory or the grave.

From my ambush I could see the two field-pieces which commanded the road, and beside which the artillery men stood in patient attention. With what a strange thrill I watched one of the party, as from time to time he stooped down to blow the fuze beside the gun, and then seemed endeavouring to peer into the valley, where all was still and noiseless. As well as I could judge, our little party was nearest to the front, and although a small clump to the left of the road offered a safe shelter still nearer the enemy, I could not ascertain if it were occupied. Not a word was now spoken, all save the corporal looked eagerly towards the enemy; he was watching for the signal, and knelt down with his drawn sword at his side. The death-like stillness of the moment, so unlike the prelude to every movement in cavalry combat, the painful expectation which made minutes like years themselves, the small number of the party, so dissimilar to the closely crowded squadrons I was used to, but more than all, the want of a horse, that most stirring of all the excitements to heroism and daring, unnerved me; and if my heart were to have been interrogated, I sadly fear it would have brought little corroboration to the song of the voltigeurs, which attributed so many features of superiority to their arm of the service above the rest of the army.

A thousand and a thousand times did I wish to be at the head of a cavalry charge up that narrow road in face of those guns; ay, though the mitraille should sweep the earth, there was that in the onward torrent of the horseman's course that left no room for fear. But this cold and stealthy approach, this weary watching, I could not bear.

"See, see," whispered the corporal, as he pointed with his finger towards the clump to the left of the road, "how beautifully done; there goes another."

As he spoke, I could perceive the dark shadow of something moving close to the ground, and finally concealing itself in the brushwood, beneath which now above twenty men lay hid; at the same instant a deep rolling sound like far-off thunder was heard, and then louder still, but less deep in volume, the rattling crash of musketry. At first the discharges were more prolonged, and succeeded each other more rapidly, but, gradually, the firing became less regular; then after an interval swelled more fully again, and once more relaxed.

"Listen," said the corporal, "can't you hear the cheering? There again; the skirmishers are falling back, the fire is too heavy for them."

"Which, the Prussians?"

"To be sure the Prussians. Hark! there was a volley, that was no tirailleur discharge, the columns are advancing; down men, down," whispered he, as, excited by the sounds of musketry, some three or four popped up their heads to listen. At the same instant a noise in front drew our attention to that quarter, and we now saw that a party of horse artillery-men were descending the road with a light eight-pounder gun, which they were proceeding to place in position on a small knoll of ground about eighty yards from the coppice I have mentioned.

"How I could pick off that fellow on the grey horse," whispered a soldier beside me to his comrade.

"And bring the whole fire on us afterwards," said the other.

"What can we be waiting for?" said the corporal impatiently. "They are making that place as strong as a fortress, and there, see if that is not a reinforcement." While he spoke, the heavy tramp of men marching announced the approach of fresh troops, and by the bustle and noise within the farm-house, it was clear the preparations for its defence were making with all the activity the exigency demanded.

It was past seven o'clock, but as the day broke more out, the heavy fog increased, and soon grew so dense, as to shut out from our view the Prussian picquet, and the guns upon the road; meanwhile the firing continued at a distance, but, as it seemed, fainter than before.

"Ha! there it comes now," said the corporal, as a shrill whistle was heard to our left. "Look to your pieces, men—steady." There was a pause, every ear was bent to listen, every breath drawn short, when again he spoke. "That's it, 'en avant!' lads, 'en avant!'" with the word he sprang forward, but still crouching, he went as if the thick mist were not enough to conceal him.

The men followed their leader with cautious steps, their carbines in hand and bayonets fixed. For some minutes we ascended the hill, gradually nearing the road, along which a low bank offered a slight protection against fire.

The corporal halted here for a second or two, when another whistle, so faint as to be scarcely audible, was borne on the air. With a motion of his hand forwards, he gave the order to advance, and led the way along the road-side.

As we followed in single file, I found myself next the corporal, whose every motion I watched with an intensity of interest I cannot convey. At last he stopped and wheeled round, then kneeling down, he levelled his piece upon the low bank, a movement quickly followed by all the rest, who in silence obeyed his signal.

Directly in front of us now, and as it seemed not above a dozen yards distant, the yellow glare of the artillery fuze could be dimly discerned through the mist; thither every eye was bent and every musket pointed. Thus we knelt with beating hearts, when suddenly several shot rung out from the valley and the opposite side of the road, as quickly replied to by the enemy; and a smart but irregular clattering of musquetry followed. "Now," cried the corporal aloud, "now and all together;" and then, with one long, stunning report, every gun was discharged, and a wild cry of the wounded blended with the sounds, as we cleared the fence and dashed at the guns. "Down, men, down," called our leader, as we jumped into the road; the word was scarce uttered, when a bright flash gleamed forth, a loud bang succeeded, and we heard the grape-shot crashing down the valley, and tearing its way through the leaves and branches of the brushwood.

"En avant, lads, now's your time!" cried the corporal, as he sprang to his feet, and led towards the gun; with one vigorous dash, we pushed up the height, just as the cannoniers were preparing to load. The

gunners fell back, and a party of infantry as quickly presented themselves.

The mist happily concealed the smallness of our force, otherwise the Prussians might have crushed us at once. For a second there was a pause, then both sides fired, an irregular volley was discharged, and the muskets were lowered to the charge. What must have been the fate of our little party now there could be no doubt, when suddenly through the blue smoke which yet lingered near the guns, the bright gleaming of bayonets was seen to flash, while the loud "vivas" of our own soldiers rent the air. So rapid was the rush, and so thronging did they come, it seemed as if the very ground had given them up. With a cry of "Forward" on we went; the enemy retired and fell back behind the cover of the road, where they kept up a tremendous fire upon the gun, to which now all our efforts were directed, to turn against the walls of the farm-house.

The mist by this was cleared away, and we were exposed to the shattering fire which was maintained not only along the road, but from every window and crevice in the walls of the farm-house; our men fell fast—several badly wounded, for the distance was less than half musket-range, even to the farthest.

"The bayonet, men, the bayonet; leave the gun, and sweep the road of those fellows yonder," said the major, as vaulting over the fence he led the way himself. We were now reinforced, and numbered fully four companies, so that our attack soon drove in the enemy, who retreated, still firing within the court-yard around the farm-house.

"Bring up the gun, lads, and we'll soon breach them!" said the major, but unhappily the party to whom it was committed being annoyed at the service which kept them back, when their companions were advancing, had hurled the piece off its carriage, and rolled it down the mountain.

With a muttered "*sacré*" on their stupidity, the officer cried out to scale the walls. If honour, and rank, and wealth had lain on the opposite side, and not death and agony, they could not have obeyed with more alacrity; raised on each other's shoulders, the brave fellows mounted the wall, but it was only to fall back again into their comrades' arms, dead or mortally wounded; still they pressed on. A reckless defiance of danger had shut out every other thought, and their cheers grew wilder and fiercer as the fire told upon them, while the shouts of triumph from those within, stimulated them to the verge of madness.

"Stand back, men—stand back," called the major, "down I say;" as he spoke, a dead silence followed, the men retreated behind the cover of the fence, and lay down flat with their faces to the ground; a low hissing noise was then heard, and then, with a clap like thunder, the strong gate was rent into fragments, and scattered in blazing pieces about the field. The crash of the petard was answered by a cheer wild as a war-whoop, and onward the infuriated soldiers poured through the still burning timbers; and now began a scene of carnage, which only a hand-to-hand encounter can ever produce. From every door and window the Prussians maintained a deadly fire, but the onward tide of

victory was with us, and we poured down upon them with the bayonet, and as none gave, none asked for quarter, the work of death was speedy. To the wild shouts of battle, the crash, the din, the tumult of the fight, a dropping irregular fire succeeded, and then came the low wailing cries of the wounded, the groans of the dying, and all was over. We were the victors; but what a victory!—the garden was strewn with our dead, the hall, the stairs, every room was covered with bodies of our brave fellows, their rugged faces sterner than even in life.

For some minutes it seemed as though our emotions had unnerved us all, as we stood speechless, gazing on the fearful scene of bloodshed, when the low rolling of drums, heard from the mountain side, started every listener.

"The Prussians! the Prussians!" called out three or four voices together.

"No, no," shouted François. "I was too long a 'tambour' not to know that beat. They're our fellows."

The drums rolled fuller and louder, and soon the head of a column appeared peering over the ascent of the road. The sun shone brightly on their gay uniforms and glancing arms, and the tall and showily dressed "tambour major" stepped in advance with the proud bearing of a conqueror.

"Form, men, and to the front," said the major of the voltigeurs, who knew that his place was in the advance, and felt a noble pride that he had won it bravely.

As the column came up the road, the voltigeurs, scattered along the fields at either side, advanced at a run; but no longer was there any obstacle to their course, no enemy presented themselves in sight, and we mounted the ascent without a single shot being fired.

As I stopped for time to recover breath, I could not help turning to behold the valley, which, now filled with armed men, was a grand and a gorgeous sight. In long columns of attack they came; the artillery filling the interspaces between them. A brilliant sun-light shone out, and I could distinguish the different brigades, with whose colours I was now familiar. Still my eye ranged over the field in search of cavalry, the arm I loved above all others, that which, more than all the rest, revived the heroic spirit of the chivalrous ages, and made the horseman feel the ancient ardour of the belted knight. But none were within sight. Indeed the very nature of the ground offered an obstacle to their movement, and I saw that here, as at Austerlitz, the day was to the infantry.

Meanwhile we toiled up the height, and at length reached the crest of the ridge, and then burst forth a sight, such as all the grandeur I had ever beheld of war, had never presented the equal. On a vast table-land, slightly undulating on the surface, was drawn up the whole Prussian army, in battle array—a splendid force of nigh thirty thousand infantry, flanked by ten thousand sabres, the finest cavalry in Europe. By some inconceivable error of tactics, they had offered no other resistance to the French ascent of the mountain, than the skirmishing troops, which fell back as we came on; and even now they seemed

to wait patiently for the enemy to form, before the conflict should begin. As our columns crowned the hill, they instantly deployed, to cover the advance of those who followed; but the precaution seemed needless, for, except at the extreme left, where we heard the firing before, the Prussian army never moved a man, nor showed any disposition to attack.

It was now nine o'clock; the sky clear and cloudless, and a bright autumnal day permitted the eye to range for miles on every side. The Prussian army, but forty thousand strong, was drawn up in the form of an arch, presenting the convexity to our front, while our troops, ninety thousand in number, overlapped them on either flank, and extended far beyond them.

The battle began by the advance of the French columns, and the retreat of the enemy, both movements accomplished without a shot being fired, and the whole seeming the manœuvres of a field day.

At length, as the Prussians took up the position they intended to hold, their guns were seen moving to the front, squadrons of cavalry disengaged themselves from behind the infantry masses, and then, a tremendous fire opened from the whole line. Our troops advanced *en tirailleurs*, that is, whole regiments thrown out in skirmishing order, which, when pressed, fell back, and permitted the columns to appear.

The division to which I found myself attached, received orders to move obliquely across the plain, in the direction of some cottages, which I soon heard was the village of Vierzehn Heiligen, and the centre of the Prussian position. A galling fire of artillery played upon the column, as it went; and before we accomplished half the distance our loss was considerable. More than once, too, the cry of "Cavalry!" was heard, and, quick as the warning itself, we were thrown into square, to receive the impetuous horsemen, who came madly on to the charge. Ney himself stood in the squares, animating by his presence the men, and cheering them at every volley they poured in.

"Yonder, men, yonder is the centre of their position," said he, pointing to the village, which now bristled with armed men, several guns upon a height beyond it commanding the approach, and a cloud of cavalry hovering near, to pounce down upon those who might be daring enough to assail it. A wild cheer answered his words, both general and soldiers understood each other well.

In two columns of attack the division was formed, and then the word forward was given. "Orderly time, men," said General Dorsenne, who commanded that with which I was; and obedient to the order, the ranks moved as if on parade. And now let me mention a circumstance, which, though trivial in itself, presents a feature of the peculiar character of courage which distinguished the French officer in battle.

As the line advanced, the fire of the Prussian battery, which by this had found out our range most accurately, opened severely on us, but more particularly on the left; and, as the men fell fast, and the grape-shot tore through the ranks, a wavering of the line took place, and in several places a broken front was presented. Dorsenne saw it at

once, and placing himself in front of the advance, with his back towards the enemy, he called out as if on parade, "Close order—close order. Move up there—left, right—left, right;" and so did he retire step by step, marking the time with his sword, while the shot flew past and around him, and the earth was scattered about by the torrent of the grape-shot. Courage like this would seem to give a charmed life, for while death was dealing fast around him, he never received a wound.

The village was attacked at the bayonet point, and at the charge the enemy received us. So long as their artillery could continue its fire, our loss was fearful; but, once within shelter of the walls and close in with the Prussian ranks, the firing ceased and the struggle was hand to hand. Twice did we win our way up the ascent, twice were we beaten back; strong reinforcements were coming up to the enemy's aid, when a loud rolling of the drums and a hoarse cheer from behind revived our spirits—it was Lannes' division advancing at a run. They opened to permit our retiring masses to re-form behind them, and then rushed on. A crash of musketry rung out, and through the smoke the glancing bayonets flashed and the red flame danced wildly.

"*En avant! en avant!*" burst from every man, as, maddened with excitement, we plunged into the fray. Like a vast torrent tumbling from some mountain gorge, the column poured on, overwhelming all before it, now struggling for a moment, as some obstacle delayed, but could not arrest its march; now headlong rushing, it swept along. The village was won, the Prussians fell back, their guns opened fiercely on us, and cavalry tore past, sabring all who sought not shelter within the walls. But the post was ours, the key of their position was in our hands, and Ney sent three messengers one after the other to the Emperor to let him know the result, and enable him to push forward and attack the Prussian centre. Suddenly a wild cry was heard from the little street of the village, the houses were in flames, the Prussians had thrown in heated shells, and the wooden roofs of the cottages caught up the fire. For an instant all became, as it were, panic-struck, and a confused movement of retreat was begun; but the next moment order was restored—the sappers scaled the walls of the burning houses, and with their axes severed the timbers, and suffered the blazing mass to fall within the buildings. But by this time the Prussians had re-formed their columns and once more advanced to the attack—the moment was in their favour, the disorder of our ranks, and the sudden fear inspired by an unlooked-for danger still continued, when they came on. Then indeed began a scene of bloodshed the most horrible to witness—through the narrow streets, within the gardens, the houses themselves, the combatants fought hand to hand—neither would give way, neither knew on which side lay their supporting columns—it was the terrible carnage of deadly animosity on both sides.

Meanwhile the flames burst forth anew, and amid the crackling of the burning timbers and the dense smoke of the lighted thatch, the fight went on. "Vandamme! Vandamme!" cried several voices in ecstasy, "here come the grenadiers." And true enough the tall shakos peered through the blue cloud.

"Hurrah for the Faubourg!" shouted a wild voltigeur as he waved his cap and sprung forward. "Let us not lose the glory now, boys."

The appeal was not made in vain. From every window and doorway the men leaped down into the street, and rushed at the Prussian column which was advancing at the charge. Suddenly the column opened, a rushing sound was heard, and down with the speed of lightning rode a squadron of cuirassiers. Over us they tore, sabring as they went, nor halted till the head of Vandamme's column poured in a volley. Then wheeling, they galloped back, trampling on our wounded, and dealing death with their broadswords. As for me, a sabre-cut in the head had stunned me; and while I leaned for support against the wall of a house, a horseman tore past, and with one vigorous cut he cleft open my shoulder. I staggered back, and fell, covered with blood, upon the door-sill. I saw our column pass on cheering, and heard the wild cry, "*en avant! en avant!*" swelling from a thousand voices, and then faint and exhausted, my senses reeled, and the rest was like an indistinct dream.

CHAPTER LXIX.

A FRAGMENT OF A MAITRE D'ARMES' EXPERIENCES.

STUNNED, and like one but half-awake, I followed the tide of marching men which swept past like a mighty river, the roar of the artillery and the crash of battle increasing the confusion of my brain. All distinct memory of the remainder of the day is lost to me. I can recollect the explosion of several waggons of the ammunition-train, and how the splinters wounded several of those around me. I also have a vague dreamy sense of being hurried along at intervals, and then seeing masses of cavalry dash past; but the great prevailing thought above all others is, of leaning over the edge of a "charrette," where I lay with some wounded soldiers, to watch the retreat of the Prussians, as they were pursued by Murat's cavalry. François was at my side, and described to me the great events of the battle; but though I seemed to listen, the sounds fell unregarded on my ear. Even now, it seems to me like a dream, and the only palpable idea before me is, the heated air, the dark and louring sky, and the deafening thunder of the guns.

It is well known how the victory of Jena was crowned by the glorious issue of the battle of Auerstadt, where the main body of the Prussians, under the command of the king himself, was completely beaten by Davoust, with a force not half their number. The two routed armies crossed in their flight, while the headlong fury of the French

cavalry pressed down on them, nor did the terrible slaughter cease till night gave respite to the beaten.

The victors and the vanquished entered Weimar together, a distance of full six leagues from the field of battle. All struggle had long ceased —an unresisting massacre it was; and such was the disappointment and anger of the people of the country, that the Prussian officers were frequently attacked and slain by the peasantry, whose passionate indignation made them suspect treachery in the result of the battle.

All whose wounds were but slight, and whose health promised speedy restoration, were mounted into waggons taken from the enemy, and sent forward with the army. Among this number I found myself, and that same night slept soundly and peacefully in the straw of the "charrette" in which I travelled from Jena.

The Emperor's head-quarters were established at Weimar, and thither all the "ambulances" were conveyed; while the marshals, with their several divisions, were sent in pursuit of the enemy. As for myself, before the week elapsed, I was sufficiently recovered to move about, for happily the stunning effects which immediately followed the injury were its worst consequences, and my wound in the shoulder proved but trifling.

"And so you are determined to join the cavalry again," said François, as he sat by my side under a tree, where a cheerful fire of blazing wood had drawn several to enjoy its comfort. "That is what I cannot comprehend by any stretch of ingenuity, how a man who has once seen something of voltigeur life, can go back to the dull routine of dragoon service."

"Perhaps I have had enough of skirmishing, François," said I smiling.

"Is it for that knock on the pate you speak?" said he contemptuously. "Bah! The heavy shako you wear would give a worse headache. Come, come, think better on't. I can tell you,"—here he lowered his voice to a whisper,—"I can tell you, Burke, the major noticed the manner you held your ground in the old farm-house. I heard him refuse to send a reinforcement, when the Prussians made their second attack. 'No, no,' said he, 'that hussar fellow yonder does his work so well, he wants no help from us.' When he said that, my friend, be assured your promotion is safe enough. You were made for a voltigeur."

"Come, François, it's no use—all your flattery won't make me desert. I'll try and join my brigade to-morrow—that is, if I can find them."

"You never told me in what way you first became separated from your corps. How was it?"

"There's something of a secret there, François—you mustn't ask me."

"Ah, I understand," said he, with a knowing look, and a gesture of his hand, as if making a pass with a sword. "Did you kill him?"

"No, not exactly," said I, laughing.

"Merely gave him that pretty lunge '*en tierce*,' you favoured me with," said he, putting his hand on his side.

"Nor even that."

"*Diable!* then how was it?"

"I have told you it was a secret."

"Secret! Confound it, man, there are no secrets in a campaign, except when the military chest is empty, or the commissary falls short of grub. These are the only things one ever thinks of hushing up. Come, out with it."

"Well, if it must be, I may as well have the benefit of your advice. So draw closer, for I don't wish the rest to hear it."

In as few words as I was able I explained to François the circumstances of the night march, and the manner of my meeting with the Emperor at the ravine, where the artillery-train was stopped; but when I came to the incident of the picquet, and mentioned how, in rescuing the Emperor, my horse had been killed under me, he could no longer restrain himself, but turned to the rest, who, to the number of fifteen or sixteen, sat around the fire, and burst forth—

"*Mille tonnerres!* but the boy is a fool!" and then, before I could interpose a word, blurted out the whole adventure to the company.

There was no use now to attempt any concealment at all; neither was there to feel anger at his conduct—one would have been as absurd as the other; and so I had to endure, as best I could, the various comments that were passed on my behaviour, on the prudence of which certainly no second opinion existed.

"You must be right certain of promotion, captain," said an old serjeant, with a grey beard and moustache, "or you wouldn't refuse such a chance as that."

"*Diable!*" cried François, "don't you see he wouldn't accept of it—he is too proud to wait on the '*Petit Caporal*,' though he asked him to do so."

"He'd have given you the cross of the Legion any how," said another.

"Ay, by Jove!" exclaimed the riding-master of a dragoon regiment, "and sent him a re-mount from his own stud."

"And you think that modesty!" said François, whose indignation at my folly knew no bounds. "*Par St. Joseph!* if I'd been as modest, it's not *Maitre d'armes* of a voltigeur battalion I'd be to-day, though I may say, without boasting, I'm not afraid to cross a rapier with any man in the army. No, no; that's not the way I managed."

"How was that, Maitre François?" said a young officer, who felt curious to learn the circumstance to which he seemed to attach a story.

"If the honourable society cares to hear it," said François, uncovering, and bowing courteously to all around, "I shall have great pleasure in recounting a little incident of my life."

A general cry of acclamation and bravo met the polite proposal; while François, accepting a "goutte" from a canteen presented to him, began thus:—

"I began my soldier's life at the first step of the ladder. I was a drummer-boy at Jemmape; and when I grew old enough to exchange the drum-stick for the sword, I was attached to the *Chasseurs-à-chéval*,

and went with them to Egypt. I could tell you some strange stories of our doings there—I don't mean with the Turks, mark you, but amongst ourselves—for we had little affairs with the sword almost every day; and I soon showed them I was their master—but that is not to the purpose. What I am about to speak of happened in this wise.

"At break of day, one morning, the picquet to which I was joined received orders to mount, and accompany the General along the bank of the Nile to the village of Chebrheis, where we heard that a Mameluke force were assembling, whose strength and equipment it was important to ascertain. Our horses were far from fresh when we started; the day previous had been spent in a fatiguing march from Rhemanieh, crossing a dreary desert, with hot sands and no water. But General Bonaparte always expected us to turn out, as if we had got a general re-mount; and so we made the best of it, and set out in as good style as we could. We had not gone above a league and a half, however, when we found that the slapping pace of the General had left the greater part of the escort out of sight; and of a force of four squadrons, not above twenty horsemen were present.

"The Emperor—you know he was only general then, but it's all the same—laughed heartily, when he found he had outridden the rest—indeed for that matter he laughed at our poor blown beasts, that shook on every limb, and seemed like to push their spare, gaunt bones through the trappings with which for shame's sake we endeavoured to cover them; but his joke was but short-lived, for just then, from behind the wall of an old ruined temple—whiz—there came a shattering volley of musketry in the midst of us—the only miracle is, how one escaped: the next moment there was a wild hurrah, and we beheld some fifty Mameluke fellows, all glittering with gold, coming down full speed on us, on their Arab chargers. *Mille cadavres*! what was to be done, nothing, you'd say, but run for it, and so we should have done, if the beasts were able, but not a bit of it, they couldn't have raised a gallop, if Mourad Bey had been there, with his whole army, and so we put a good face on it, and drew up across the way, and looked as if going to charge. Egad, the Turks were amazed, they halted up short, and stared about them to see what infantry or artillery there might be coming up to our assistance, so boldly did we hold our ground.

"'We'll keep them in check, General,' said the officer of the picquet. 'Lose no time now, but make a dash for it, and you'll get away;' and so without more ado, Bonaparte turned his horse's head round, and driving his spurs into him, set out at top speed.

"This was the signal for the Mameluke charge, and down they came. *Sacristi!* how the infidels rode us down; over and over our fellows rolled, men and horses together, while they slashed with their keen scimitars on every side—few needed a second cut, I warrant you.

"By some good fortune, my beast kept his legs in the melée, and with even better luck, got so frightened, that he started off, and struck out in full gallop after the General, who about two hundred paces in front of me, was dashing along, pursued by a Mameluke, with a

scimitar held over his head. The Turk's horse, however, was wounded, and could not gain even on the tired animal before him, while mine was at every stride overtaking him.

"The Mameluke hearing the clatter behind, turned his head, I seized the moment, and discharged my only remaining pistol at him, alas! without effect. With a wild war-cry, the fellow swerved round and came down upon me, intending to take my horse in flank, and hurl me over; but the good beast plunged forward, and my enemy passed behind, and only grazed the haunches as he went; the moment after he was at my side—*Parbleu*, I didn't like the companionship; I knew every turn of a broad sword or a rapier well, but a curved scimitar, keen as a razor, of Damascus steel, glittering and glistening over my head, was a different thing—the great dark eyes of the fellow, too, glared like balls of fire, and his white teeth were clenched. With a swing of his blade over his head, so loosely done I thought he had almost flung the weapon from his hand, he aimed a cut at my neck, but quick as lightning, I dropped upon the mane, and the sharp blade shaved the red feather from my shako, and sent it floating in the air, while, with a straight point I ran him through the body, and heard his death-shout as he fell bathed in blood upon the sands. The general saw him fall and cried out something, but I could not hear the words, nor to say truth did I care much at the time—my happiest thought just then was to see the remainder of the escort, which we had left behind, coming up at a smart canter. The Turks no sooner perceived them, than they wheeled and fled, and so we returned to the camp, with a loss of some twenty brave fellows, and none the wiser for all our trouble.

"'What shall I do for you, friend?' said the General to me as I stood by his orders at the door of his tent, 'what shall I do for you?'

"'*Ma foi*,' said I, with a shrug of my shoulders, 'I can't well say at a moment; perhaps the best thing would be, to promise you'd never take me as one of your escort, when you make such an expedition as this morning's.'

"'No, no, I'll not say that; who are you, what's your grade?'

"'François, Maitre d'armes of the fourth chasseurs of the guard,' said I proudly, and indeed I thought he might have known me without the question.

"'Ah indeed!' replied he gravely, 'promotion is then of no use here—a Maitre d'armes, like a general of division, is at the top of the tree. Come, I have it, a fellow of your sort is never out of scrapes, always duelling and quarrelling, under arrest three days in every week—I know you well. Now, Maitre François, I'll forgive you the first time you ask me, for any offence within my power to pardon. Go, you are satisfied with that promise, is it not so?'

"'Yes, General, and I'll soon jog your memory about it,' said I saluting and retiring from the tent.

"I see some old 'braves' of the pyramids about me now," continued François, "and so I need not dwell on the events of the campaign. You all know how General Bonaparte left the army to Kleber and went back to France, and somehow we never had much luck after that, but so it

was, I came back with the regiment, and was at the battle of Marengo, when our brigade captured four guns of Skal's battery, and carried off eleven of their officers our prisoners. You'd wonder now, comrades, how that piece of good fortune should turn out so ill for me, but such was the case. After the battle was gained, General Bonaparte retired to Gerofola with his staff, and I was ordered to proceed after him, with the Hauptmann Klingenswert of the Austrian army, one of our prisoners who had served on Melas' staff, and knew every thing about the effective strength of the army and all their plans.

"We set off at day-break, it was in June, and a lovely morning too, and as my prisoner was an officer and a man of honour, I took no escort, but rode along at his side; we halted at noon to dine in a little grove of cedars, where I opened my canteen and spread the contents on the grass, and after regaling ourselves pleasantly, we lighted our meerschaums and chatted away like old comrades over the war and its chances. A more agreeable fellow than the Austrian I never met; he told me his whole history, and I told him mine, and we drank Bruderschaft together, and swore I don't know how many eternal friendships. The devil was just amusing himself with us all this time though, as you'll see presently, for we soon got into an argument about the charge in which our brigade captured the guns. He said, that if the ammunition had not failed, we never would have dared the attack, and I swore that the discharges were pouring in, while we rode down on the battery.

"We grew warm with the dispute, and drank deeper to cool us; and, what between the wine and our own passion, we became downright angry, and went so far as to interchange something not like 'Bruderschaft.'

"'Ah, how unfortunate I always am,' said I, sighing. 'If I had only the good luck to be the prisoner now, and you the escort——'

"'What then?' said he.

"'How easily, and how pleasantly too, could we settle this little affair. The ground is smooth as velvet—there is no sun—all still, and quiet, and peaceful.'

"'No, no,' said the Austrian, 'I couldn't do what you propose—I should be dishonoured for ever, if I took such an advantage of you. You must know, François,' for he called me so, recurring at once to his tone of kindliness, 'I am the first swordsman of my brigade.'

"I could scarcely avoid throwing myself into his arms as he spoke—never was there such a piece of fortune. 'And I,' cried I in ecstasy, 'I, the first of the whole French army!' You know, comrades, I only said that *en gasçon*, and to afford him the greater pleasure in our rencontre.

"We soon measured our swords, and threw off our jackets. 'François,' said he, 'I ought to mention to you, that my lunge *en tierce* is my famous stroke—I rarely miss running my adversary through the chest with it.'

"'I know the trick well,' said I, 'take care of my "pass" outside the guard.'

"'Oh! if that's your game,' said he, laughing, 'I'll make short work of it—now, to begin.'

"'All ready,' said I, *en garde*, and we crossed our weapons—for a German, he was a capital swordsman, and had a very pretty trick of putting in his point over the hilt, and wounding the sword arm; but if it had not been for all the wine I drank, the affair would have been over in a second or two. As it was, we both fenced loose, and without any judgment whatever.

"'Ah! you got that,' said I, 'at last,' as I pierced him in the back, outside the guard. 'No, no,' cried he, passionately; for his temper was up—and he would not confess a touch. 'Well, then, that's home,' said I, thrusting beneath his hilt, till the blood spurted out along my blade, and even in my eyes.

"'Yes; that's home,' said he, staggering back, while one of his legs crossed over the other, and he fell heavily on the grass. I stooped down to feel his heart, and as I did so, my senses failed—my limbs tottered—and I rolled headlong over him. Truth was, I was badly wounded, though I never knew where—for his sword had entered my chest, beneath a rib, and cut some large vessels in the lungs.

"The end of it all was—the Austrian was buried, and I was broke the service, without pay or pension—my wound being declared by the doctors an incapacity to serve in future.

"Comrades, we often hear men talk of the happy day before them, when they shall leave the army, and throw off the knapsack, and give up the musket for the mattock. Well, trust me—it's no such pleasure as they deem it, after all. There was I, turned loose upon the world, with nothing but a suit of ragged clothes, my comrades made up amongst them—my old rapier, and a bad asthma. Such was my stock in trade, to begin life anew, at the age of forty-seven—and so, I set out on my weary way back to Paris."

"Didn't you try your chance with the *Petit Caporal*, first?" asked one of the listeners.

"To be sure, I did. I sent him a long petition, setting forth the whole circumstance, and detailing every minute particular of the duel, but I received it back, unopened—with Duroc's name, and the word 'rejected' on the back."

"It is strange how unfit we old soldiers are for any occupation in a civil way, when we've spent half a life-time campaigning. When I reached Paris, I could almost have wedged myself into the scabbard of my sword. Long marches, and short rations had told heavily on me—and the custom-house officer at the barrier told me to pass on, without ever stopping to see that I carried no contraband goods about me.

"I had a miserable time enough of it for twelve or fourteen months. The only way of support I could find, was teaching recruits the sword exercise—and you know they couldn't be very liberal in their rewards for the service; but even this poor trade was soon interdicted, as the police reported that I encouraged the young soldiers to fight duels—a great offence, truly—but you see everything went unluckily with me at that time.

"What was to become of me now I couldn't tell; when an old

comrade, pensioned off from Moreau's army, had interest to get me appointed supernumerary, as they call it, in the Grand Opera, where I used to perform as a Roman soldier, or a friar, or a peasant, or some such thing, for five francs a week—not a sous more had I, and the duty was heavier than on active service.

"After two years, the 'big drum' died of a rheumatic fever, from beating a great solo in a new German opera, and I was promoted to his place; for, by this time, I was quite recovered from the effects of my wound, and could use my arms as well as ever. Some of the honourable company may remember the first night that Napoleon visited the Grand Opera, after he was named Emperor. It was a glorious sight, and one can never forget it—the whole house was filled with generals and field-marshals—it was a grand field-day, by the glare of ten thousand wax-lights; and the Empress was there, and her whole suite, and all the prettiest women in France. Little time I had to look at them, though; for there was I, in the corner of the orchestra, with my big drum before me, on which I was to play the confounded thing that killed the other fellow. It was a strange performance, sure enough—for in the midst of a great din and crash, came a dead pause, and then, I was to strike three solemn bangs on the drum, to be followed by a succession of blows, fast as lightning, for five minutes. This was the composer's notion of a battle—distant firing—Heaven bless his heart! I was wishing he'd seen some of it.

"This was to come on in the second act, up to which time I had nothing to do. Why do I say nothing? I had to gaze at the *Petit Caporal*, who sat there in the box over my head, looking as stern and as thoughtful as ever, and not minding much what the Empress said, though she kept prattling into his ear all the time, and trying to attract his attention. *Parbleu*, he was not thinking of all the nonsense before him—his mind was on real battles—he had seen real smoke—that he had! He was fatter and paler than he used to be, and I thought, too, his frown was darker than when I saw him last: but, to be sure, that was at Marengo, and he ever looked pleased on the field of battle. I couldn't take my eyes from him—his fine thoughtful face, so full of determination and energy, reminded me of my old days of campaigning. I thought of Arcola, and Rivoli, of Cairo, and the Pyramids, and the great charge at Marengo, when Dessaix's division came up, and my heart was nigh bursting when I remembered that I wore the epaulette no longer. I forgot, too, where I was—and expected every instant to hear him call for one of the marshals, or see him stretch out his hand to point to a distant part of the field; and so absorbed was I in my reverie, that I had neither eyes nor ears for any thing around me; when, suddenly, all the din of the orchestra ceased—not a sound was heard—and a hand rudely shook me by the arm, while a voice whispered, 'Now, now.' Mechanically I seized the drum-sticks, but my eyes still were rivetted on the Emperor—my whole heart and soul was centered in him. Again, the voice called to me to begin, and a low murmur of angry meaning ran through the orchestra. I sprang to my legs, and in the excitement of the moment, losing all memory

of time and place, I rolled out the '*pas de charge*.' Scarce had the first *roulade* of the well-known sounds reverberated through the house, when one cry of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' burst forth. It was not a cheer —it was the heart-given outbreak of ten thousand devoted followers. Marshals, generals, colonels, ambassadors, ministers, all joined—and the vast assembly rocked to and fro, like the sea in a storm, while Napoleon himself, slowly rising, bent his proud head in acknowledgment, and then sat down again, amid the thundering shouts of acclamation. It was full twenty minutes before the piece could proceed, and even then, momentary outbreaks of enthusiasm would occur to interrupt it, and continued to burst forth till the curtain fell. Just then, an aid-de-camp appeared beside the orchestra, and ordered me to the Emperor's box.

"*Sacristi*, how I trembled! I didn't know what might come of it.

"'Ah, *coquin!*' said he, as I stood ready to drop with fear at the door of the box—'This has been one of thy doings, eh?'

"'Yes, Sire,' muttered I, in a half whisper.

"'And how hast thou dared to spoil an opera in this fashion?' said he, frowning fiercely. 'Answer me, sirrah.'

"'It was your majesty's fault,' said I, becoming reckless of all consequences. 'You didn't seem to care much for all their scraping and blowing, and so I thought the old "*roulade*" might rouse you a bit. You used to like it once, and might still, if the times be not altered.'

"'And they are not,' said he, sternly. 'Who art thou, that seem'st to know me thus well?'

"'Old François, that was *Maitre d'armes* of the 4th in Egypt, and who saved you from the stroke of a Mameluke sabre at Chebrheis.'

"'What! the fellow who killed an Austrian prisoner after Marengo. Why, I thought thee dead.'

"'Better for me I had been,' said I. 'You wouldn't read my petition. Yes, you may frown away, general,' said I to Duroc, who kept glowering at me like a tiger—'I began life at the tambour—I have come down to it again—you can't bring me lower, *parbleu*.'

"The Emperor whispered something to the Empress, who turned round towards me, and laughed, and then he made a sign for me to withdraw. Before I had got a dozen paces from the box, an aid-de-camp overtook me.

"'François,' said he, 'you are to appear before the medical commission to-morrow, and if their report be favourable, you are to have your old grade of *Maitre d'armes*.'

"And so it was. Not only was I restored, but they even placed me in the same regiment I served in, during the campaigns of Egypt and Italy. The corps, however, was greatly changed since I knew it before; and so I asked the Emperor to appoint me to a voltigeur battalion, where discipline is not so rigid, and pleasant comrades are somewhat more plentiful. I had my wish, gentlemen; and now, with your permission, we'll drink the 'Faubourg St. Antoine,' the cradle of our arm of the service."

In repeating "Maitre François'" tale, I could only ask if it might

have one-half the success with my reader, it met with from his comrades of the bivouac—this, however, I cannot look for; and must leave it and him to his fortunes, and now turn to follow the course of my own.

François was not the only one who felt surprised at my being able to resist the pleasures of a voltigeur's life; and my companion the corporal looked upon my determination to join the hussar brigade as one of those extraordinary instances of duty predominating over inclination—"Not," said he, "but there may be brave fellows and good soldiers among the dragoons; though having a horse to ride is a sore drawback on a man's courage;" and, "when one has felt the confidence of standing face to face, and foot to foot, with the enemy, I cannot see how he can ever bring himself to fight in any other fashion."

"A man can accustom himself to anything, corporal," said an old, hardy-looking soldier, who sat smoking with the most profound air of thoughtful reflection. "I remembe rbeing in the 'dromedary brigade' at Cairo—few of us could keep our seats at first—and when we fell off, it was often hard enough to resist the Mamelukes and hold the beasts beside; but even that we learned with time."

This explanation, little flattering as it was to the cavalry, seemed to convince the listeners that time, which smoothes so many difficulties, will even make a man content to be a dragoon.

"Well, since you will not be 'of ours,'" said François, "let us drink a parting cup, and say good bye, for I hear the bugles sounding the call."

"A health to the 'Faubourg St. Antoine,' boys," cried I, and a hearty cheer re-echoed the toast; and with many a shake hands, and many a promise of welcome, whenever I saw the error of my ways sufficiently to doff the dolman for the voltigeur's jacket, I took leave of the gallant twenty-second, and set out towards Weimar.

CHAPTER LXX.

BERLIN AFTER "JENA."

As the battle of Austerlitz was the death-blow to the empire of Austria, so with the defeat at Jena did Prussia fall, and that great kingdom become a prey to the conquering Napoleon. Were this a fitting place, it might be curious to inquire into the causes which involved a ruin so sudden and so complete, and how, a vast and highly organized army seemed at one fell stroke annihilated and destroyed.

The victories of Jena and Auerstadt, great and decisive as they were, were nevertheless inadequate to such results; and if the genius of the Emperor had not been as prompt to follow up as to gain a battle, they never would have occurred. But scarcely had the terrible contest ceased, when he sent for the Saxon officers who were taken prisoners, and addressing them in a tone of kindness, declared at once that they were at liberty and might return to their homes, first pledging their words not to carry arms against France or her allies. One hundred and twenty officers of different grades, from lieutenant-general downwards, gave this promise, and retired to their own country, extolling the generosity of Napoleon. This first step was soon followed up by another and more important one: negociations were opened with the Elector of Saxony and the title of king offered to him, on condition of his joining the confederacy of the Rhine; and thus once more the artful policy already pursued with regard to Bavaria in the south, was here renewed in the north of Germany; and with equal success.

This deep-laid scheme deprived the Prussian army of eighteen thousand men, and that, on the very moment when defeat and disaster had spread their demoralizing influences through the entire army: several of their greatest generals were killed, many more dreadfully or fatally wounded—Prince Louis, Rüchel, Schmettau, among the former; the Duke of Brunswick and Prince Henry both severely wounded —the duke survived but a few days, and these in the greatest suffering; Marshal Müllendorf, the veteran of nigh eighty years, had his chest pierced by a lance. Here was misfortune enough to cause dismay and despair, for unhappily the nation itself was but an army in feeling and organization, and with defeat every hope died out, and every arm was paralysed. The patriotism of the people had taken its place beneath a standard, which when once lowered before a conqueror, nothing more remained. Such is the destiny of a military monarchy; it's only vitality is victory—the hour of disaster is it's death-blow.

The system of whole corps capitulating, which the Prussians had

not scrupled to sneer at, when occurring in Austria, now took place here, with even greater rapidity. Scarcely a day passed that some regiment did not lay down their arms, and surrender *en parole*. A panic spread through the whole length and breadth of the land; places of undoubted strength were surrendered as insecure and untenable. No rest nor respite was allowed the vanquished; the gay plumes of the lancers fluttered over the vast plains in pursuit; columns of infantry poured in every direction through the kingdom, and the eagles glittered in every town and every village of conquered Prussia. Never did the spirit of Napoleon display itself more pitiless than in this campaign, for, while in his every act he evinced a determination to break down and destroy the nation, the *Moniteur* at Paris teemed with articles, in derision of the army whose bravery he should never have questioned. Even the gallant leaders themselves, old and scarred warriors, were contemptuously described as blind and infatuated fanatics, undeserving of clemency or consideration. Not thus should he have spoken of the noble Prince Louis, and the brave Duke of Brunswick. They fought in a good cause, and they met the death of gallant soldiers. "I will make their nobles beg their bread upon the highways," was the dreadful sentence he uttered at Weimar, and the words were never forgotten.

The conduct and bearing of the Emperor was the more insulting, from its contrast with that of his marshals and generals, many of whom could not help acknowledging in their acts, the devotion and patriotism of their vanquished foes. Murat lost no occasion to evince this feeling, and sent eight colonels of his own division to carry the pall at General Schmettau's funeral, who was interred with all the honours due to one who had been the companion of the Great Frederick himself.

Soult, Bernadotte, Augereau, Ney, and Davoust, with the several corps under their command, pursued the routed forces with untiring hostility. In vain did the king of Prussia address a supplicating letter, asking for a suspension of arms. Napoleon scarcely deigned a reply, and ordered the advanced guard to march on Berlin.

But a year before, and he had issued his royal mandates from the palace of the Cæsars—and he burned now to date his bulletin from the palace of the great Frederick: and on the tenth day after the battle of Jena, the troops of Lannes' division bivouacked in the plain around Potsdam.

I had joined my brigade the day previous, and entered Berlin with them on the morning of the 23rd of October.

The preparations for a triumphal entry were made on the day before—and by noon, the troops approached the capital, in all the splendour of full equipment. First came the grenadiers of Oudinot's brigade, one of the finest corps in the French army—their bright yellow facings and shoulder knots had given them the *soubriquet* of the '*Grénadiers jaunes*.' They formed part of Davoust's force at Auerstadt, and were opposed to the Prussian guard in the greatest shock of the entire day. After them came two battalions of the

Chasseurs à Pied, a splendid body of infantry, the remnant of four thousand, who went into battle on the morning of the 15th. Then followed a brigade of artillery, each gun-carriage surmounted by a Prussian standard. These again were succeeded by the red lancers of Berg—with Murat himself at their head—for they were his own regiment, and he felt justly proud of such followers. The Grand Duke was in all the splendour of his full dress, and wore a Spanish hat, looped up, with an immense brilliant in front, and a plume of ostrich feathers floated over his neck and shoulders. Two hundred and forty chosen men of the imperial guard marched two and two after these, each carrying a colour taken from the enemy in battle. Nansouty's cuirassiers came next—they had suffered severely at Jena, and were obliged to muster several of their wounded men, to fill up the gaps in their squadrons. Then, there were the horse artillery brigade, whose uniforms and equipments, notwithstanding every effort to conceal it, showed the terrible effects of the great battle. General D'Auvergne's division, with the hussars and the light cavalry attached, followed—these succeeded by the voltigeurs, and eight battalions of the imperial guard, whose ranks were closed up with the *grénadiers à cheval,* and more artillery—in all, a force of eighteen thousand—the *élite* of the French army. Advancing in orderly time, they came, no sound heard, save the dull reverberation of the earth as it trembled beneath the columns, when the hoarse challenge to 'halt,' was called from rank to rank, as often as those in the rear pressed on the leading files—but, as they reached the Brandenburg gate, the band of each regiment burst forth, and the wide Platz resounded with the clang of martial music.

In front of the palace stood the Emperor, surrounded by his staff, which was joined in succession by each general of brigade, as his corps moved by. A simple acknowledgment of the military salute was all Napoleon gave as each battalion passed, until the small party of the Imperial Guard appeared, bearing the captured colours; then his proud features relaxed—his eye flashed and sparkled, and he lifted his chapeau straight above his head, and remained uncovered the whole time they were marching past. This was the moment when enthusiasm could no longer be restrained, and a cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" burst forth, that, caught up by those behind, rose in ten thousand echoes along the distant suburbs of Berlin.

To look upon that glorious and glittering band, bronzed with battle, —their proud faces lit up with all the pride of victory, was indeed a triumph; and one instinctively turned to see the looks of wondering and admiration such a sight must have inspired. But with what sense of sadness came the sudden thought—this is the proud exultation of the conqueror over the conquered—here come no happy faces and bright looks, to welcome those who have rescued them from slavery—here are no voices calling welcome to the deliverer. No: it was a people crushed and trodden down—their hard-won laurels tarnished and dishonoured—their country enslaved—their monarch a wanderer, no one knew where.

Little thought they who raised the statue of brass to the memory of the great Frederick, that the clank of French musketry would be heard around it. Rosbach was indeed, avenged—and cruelly avenged.

Never did a people behave with more dignity under misfortune than the Prussians on the entrance of the French into their capital. The streets were deserted—the houses closed—the city was in mourning, and none stooped to the slavish adulation which might win favour with the conqueror. It was a triumph—but there were none to witness it. Of the nobles scarce one remained in Berlin. They had fallen in battle, or followed the fortunes of their beaten army, now scattered and dispersed through the kingdom.

Their wives and daughters, in deepest mourning, bewailed their ruined country as they would the death of a dearest friend. They cut off their blonde locks, and sorrowed like those without a hope. Their great country was to be reduced to the rank of a mere German province—their army disbanded—their king dethroned. Such was the contrast to our hour of triumph—such the sad reverse to the gorgeous display of our armed squadrons.

Scarcely had the Emperor established his head quarters at Potsdam, than the whole administration of the kingdom was begun to be placed under French rule. Prefects were appointed to different departments of the kingdom—a heavy contribution was imposed upon the nation, and all the offices of the state were subjected to the control of persons named by the Emperor. Among these, the first in importance was the post-office; for while every precaution was taken that no interruption should occur in the transmission of the mails as usual, a "Cabinet Noir" was established here, as at Paris, whose function it was to open the letters of suspected persons, and make copies of them—the latter, indeed, were often so skilfully executed as to be forwarded to the address, while the originals were preserved as "proofs" against parties, if it were found necessary to accuse them afterwards. And here I might mention, that the art of depositing metals in a mould by galvanic process, was known and used in imitating and fabricating the seals of various writers, many years before the discovery became generally known in Europe.

The invasion of private right involved in this breach of trust gave, as might be supposed, the greatest offence throughout the kingdom; but the severity with which every case of suspicious meaning was followed up and punished, converted the feelings of indignation and anger into those of fear and trepidation—for this was ever part of Napoleon's policy: the penalty of any offence was made to exclude the sense of ridicule its own littleness might have created, and men felt indisposed to jest where their mirth might end in melancholy.

The most remarkable case, and that which, more than any other, impressed the public mind of the period, was that of the Prince de Hatzfeld, whose letter to the King of Prussia was opened at the post-office, and made the subject of a capital charge against him. Its contents were, as might be imagined from the channel of transmission, not such as could substantiate any treasonable intention on

his part. A respectful homage to his dethroned sovereign—a detail of the mournful feeling experienced throughout his capital—and some few particulars of the localities occupied by the French troops, was the entire; and for this he was tried and condemned to death—a sentence which the Emperor commanded to be executed before sunset that same day. Happily for the fate of the noble prince, as for the fair fame of Napoleon, both Duroc and Rapp were ardently attached to him, and at their earnest entreaties his life was spared; but the impression which the circumstances made upon the minds of the inhabitants was deep and lasting, and there was a day to come when all these insults were to be remembered and avenged. If I advert to the occurrence here, it is because I have but too good reason to bear memory of it, influencing, as it did, my own future fortunes.

It chanced that one evening, when sitting in a café with some of my brother-officers, the subject of the Prince de Hatzfeld's offence was mooted; and in the unguarded freedom with which one talks to his comrades, I expressed myself delighted at the clemency of the Emperor, and conceived that he could have no part in the breach of confidence which led to the accusation, nor countenance in any way his prosecution. My companions, who had little sympathy for Prussians, and none for aristocracy whatever, took a different view of the matter, and scrupled not to regret that the sentence of the court-martial had not been executed. The discussion grew warm between us, the more, as I was alone in my opinion, and assailed by several, who overbore me with loud speaking. Once or twice, too, an obscure taunt was thrown out against aliens and foreigners, who, it was alleged, never could at heart forgive the ascendancy of France and Frenchmen.

To this I replied hotly, for while not taking to myself an insult which my conduct in the service palpably refuted, I was hurt and offended. Alas! I knew too well in my heart what sacrifices I had made in changing my country—how I had bartered all the hopes which attach to one's fatherland, for a career of mere selfish ambitiom. Long since had I seen that the cause I fought in, was not that of liberty, but despotism. Napoleon's glory was the dazzling light which blinded my true vision; and my following had something of infatuation, against which reason was powerless. I say, that I answered these taunts with hasty temper; and, carried away by a momentary excitement, I told them, that they it was, not I, who would detract from the fair renown of the Emperor.

"The traits you would attribute to him," said I, "are not those of strength, but weakness. Is it the conqueror of Egypt, of Austria, and now of Prussia, who need stoop to this? We cannot be judges of his policy, or the great events which agitate Europe. We would pronounce most ignorantly on the greatness of his plans regarding the destinies of nations; but on a mere question of high and honourable feeling, of manly honesty, why should we not speak; and here I say, this act was never his."

A smile of sardonic meaning was the only reply this speech met with, and one by one the officers rose and dropped off, leaving me to ponder

over the discussion, in which I now remembered, I had been betrayed into a warmth beyond discretion.

This took place early in November, and as it was not referred to in any way afterwards by my comrades, I soon forgot it. My duties occupied me from morning till night; for General D'Auvergne being in attendance on the Emperor, had handed me over for the time to the department of the adjutant-general of the army, where my knowledge of German was found useful.

On the 17th of the month a general order was issued, containing the names of the various officers selected for promotion, as well as of those on whom the cross of the "Legion" was to be conferred. Need I say with what a thrill of exultation I read my own name among the latter, nor my delight at finding it followed by the words—"By order of his majesty the Emperor, for a special service on the 13th October, 1806." This was the night before the battle, and now I saw that I had not been forgotten, as I feared—here was proof of the Emperor's remembrance of me. Perhaps the delay was intended to test my prudence as to secrecy, and perhaps it was deemed fitting that my name should not appear except in the general list; in any case, the long-wished reward was mine—the proud distinction I had desired for so many a day and night.

The distribution of the "cordons" was always made the occasion of a grand military spectacle, and the Emperor determined that the present one should convey a powerful impression of the effective strength of his army, as well as of its perfect equipment; and accordingly, orders were despatched to the different generals of division within twelve or fifteen leagues of Berlin, to march their corps to the capital. The 28th of November was the day fixed for this grand display, and all was bustle and preparation for the event.

On the morning of the 22d, I received an official note from the bureau of the adjutant-general, desiring me to wait on him before noon that same day. Concluding it referred to my promised promotion to the "Legion," it was with somewhat of a fluttered and excited feeling I found myself, at some few minutes after eleven o'clock, in the antechamber, which already was crowded with officers, some seeking, some summoned to an interview.

In the midst of the buzz of conversation, which, despite the reserve of the place, still prevailed, I heard my name called, and followed an aid-de-camp along a passage into a large room, which opened into a smaller apartment, where, standing with his back to the fire, I perceived Marshal Berthier, his only companion being an officer in a staff uniform, busily engaged writing at a table.

"You are Captain Burke of the 8th Hussars, I believe, sir?" said the Marshal, reading slowly from a slip of paper he held twisted round one finger.

"Yes, sir."

"By birth an Irishman," continued the Marshal—"entered at the Polytechnique in August, 1801. Am I correct?" I bowed. "Subsequently accused of being concerned in the conspiracy of Georges and

Pichegru," resumed he, as he raised his eyes slightly from the paper, and fixed them searchingly upon me.

"Falsely so, sir," was my only reply.

"You were acquitted—that's enough: a reprimand for imprudence, and a slight punishment of arrest, was all. Since that time, you have conducted yourself, as the report of your commanding officer attests, with zeal and steadiness."

He paused here, and seemed as if he expected me to say something; but as I thought the whole a most strange commencement to the ceremony of investing me with a cross of the Legion, I remained silent.

"At Paris, when attached to the *élite*, you appear to have visited the Duchess of Montserrat, and frequented her soirées."

"Once, sir, but once, I was in the house of the Duchess; my visit could scarcely have occupied as many minutes as I have spent here this morning."

"Dined occasionally at the Moisson d'Or," continued the marshal, not noticing in any way my reply. "Well, as I believe you are now aware that there are no secrets with his majesty's government, perhaps you will inform me what are your relations with the Chevalier Duchesne?"

For some minutes previous my mind was dwelling on that personage, and I answered in a few words the question, by stating the origin of our acquaintance and briefly adverting to its course.

"You correspond with the chevalier?" said he, interrupting.

"I have never done so, nor is it likely from the manner in which we parted last that I ever shall."

"This scarcely confirms that impression, sir," said the marshal, taking an open letter from the table and holding it up before me. "You know his hand-writing—is that it?"

"Yes; I have no doubt it is."

"Well, sir, that letter belongs to you; you may take and read it. There is enough there, sir, to make your conduct the matter of a court martial; but I am satisfied that a warning will be sufficient. Let this be such then. Learn, sir, that the plottings of a poor and mischievous party harmonize ill with the duties of a brave soldier, and that a captain of the guards might choose more suitable associates than the dupes and double-dealers of the Faubourg St. Germain. There is your brevet to the Legion, signed by the Emperor; I shall return it to his Majesty. Mayhap at some future period your conduct may merit differently. I need hardly say that a gentleman so very little particular in the choice of his friends, would be a most misplaced subject for the honour of the "Legion."

He waved his hand in sign for me to withdraw, and overwhelmed with confusion, I bowed and left the room; nor was it till the door closed behind me that I felt how cruelly and unjustly I had been treated; then suddenly the blood rushed to my face and temples, my head seemed as if it would burst at either side, and forgetting every circumstance of place and condition, I seized the handle of the door and wrenched it open.

"Marshal," said I, with the fearlessness of one resolved at any risque to vindicate his character, "I know nothing of this letter—I have not read one line of it. I have no further intimacy with the writer than an officer has with his comrade; but if I am to be the subject of 'espionage' to the police—if my chance acquaintances in the world are to be matter of charges against my fealty and honour—if I who have nothing but my sword and my epaulette——"

When I had got thus far, I saw the marshal's face turn deathly pale, while the officer at the table made a hurried sign to me with his finger to be silent. The door closed nearly at the same instant, and I turned my head round, and there stood the Emperor. The figure is still before me—he was standing still, his hands behind his back, and his low chapeau deeply pressed upon his brows. His gray frock was open, and looked as if disordered from haste.

"What is this?" said he, in that hissing tone he always assumed when in moments of passion—"What is this? Are we in the bureau of a minister, or is this the *salle de police?* Who are you, sir?"

It was not until the question had been repeated that I found courage to reply. But he waited not for my answer, as snatching the open letter from my fingers, he resumed—

"It is not thus, sir, you should come here. Your petition or memorial——Ha! *parbleu!* what is this?"

At the instant his eyes fell upon the writing, and as suddenly his face grew almost livid. With the rapidity of lightning he seemed to peruse the lines. Then waving his hand, he motioned towards the door, and muttered "Wait without."

Like one awaking from a dreadful dream, I stood, endeavouring to recall my faculties, and assure myself how much there might be of reality in my wandering fancies, when I perceived that a portion of the letter remained between my fingers as the Emperor snatched it from my hand.

A half-finished sentence was all I could make out; but its tone made me tremble for what the rest of the epistle might contain:—

"Surpassed themselves, of course, my dear Burke; and so has the Emperor too. It remained for the campaign in Prussia to prove that one hundred and eighty-five thousand prisoners can be taken from an army numbering one hundred and fifty-four thousand men.——As to Davoust, who really had all the fighting, though he wrote no bulletin, all Paris feels——"

Such was the morsel I had saved—such a specimen of the insolence of the entire.

The dreadful fact then broke suddenly upon me, that this letter had been written by Duchesne to effect my ruin; and, as I stood stupified with terror, the door was suddenly opened, and the Emperor passed out. His eyes were turned on me as he went, and I shrunk back from their expression of withering anger.

"Captain Burke!" said a voice from within the room, for the door continued open.

I entered slowly, but with a firm step. My mind was made up; and,

in the force of a resolute determination, I found strength for whatever might happen.

"It would appear, sir," said the Marshal, addressing me with a stern and severe expression of features—"It would appear that you permit yourself the widest liberty in canvassing the acts of his Majesty, the Emperor; for I find you here mentioned—he took a paper from the table as he spoke—as declaiming, in a public *café*, on the subject of the Prince de Hatzfeld, and expressing, in no measured terms, your disapproval of his imprisonment."

"All that I said upon the subject, sir, so far as I can recollect, was in praise of the Emperor for clemency so well bestowed."

"There was no high-flown sentiment on the breach of honourable confidence effected in opening private letters," said the Marshal sarcastically.

"Yes, sir, I do remember expressing myself strongly on that head."

"I am not surprised, sir," interrupted he, "at your indignation; your own conscience must have prompted you on the occasion. When a gentleman has such correspondents as the Chevalier Duchesne, he may well feel on a point like this. But enough of this. I have his Majesty's orders regarding you, which are as follow——

"Forgive me, I beg you, sir, the liberty of interrupting you for one moment. I am an alien, and therefore little versed in the habits and usages of the land for whose service I have shed my blood; but I am sure a Marshal of France will not refuse a kindness to an officer of the army, however humble his station. I merely ask the answer to one question."

"What is it?" said the Marshal quickly.

"Am I, as an officer, at liberty to resign my grade, and quit the service?"

"Yes, *parbleu!*" said he, reddening—"Yes, that you are."

"Then here I do so," rejoined I, drawing my sword from its scabbard. "The career I can no longer follow honourably and independently, I shall follow no more."

"Your corps, sir?" said the Marshal.

"The 8th Hussars of the Guard."

"Take a note of that, Gardanne."

"I shall spare you all unnecessary delay, in tendering a written resignation of your rank. I accept it now. You leave Berlin in twenty-four hours."

I bowed, and was silent.

"Your passport shall be made out from Paris; you shall receive it to-morrow morning." He motioned with his hand towards the door as he concluded, and I left the room.

The moment I felt myself alone, the courage which had sustained me throughout, at once gave way, and I leaned against the wall, and covered my face with my hands. Yes, I knew it in my heart, the whole dream of life was over. The path of glory was closed to me for ever. All the hopes on which, in sanguine hours, I used to feed my heart, were scattered; and to the miseries of my exiled lot were

now added the sorrows of an unfriended, companionless existence. The thought that no career was open to me came last; for at first I only remembered all I was leaving, not the dark future before me; yet, when I called to mind the injustice with which I had been treated—the system of "espionage" to which, as an alien more particularly, I was exposed, I felt I had done right, and that to have remained in the service at such a sacrifice of my personal independence, would have been base and unworthy.

With a half-broken heart and faltering step I regained my quarters, where again my grief burst forth with more violence than at first. Every object about recalled to me the career I was leaving for ever; and wherever my eye rested, some emblem lay, to open fresh stores of sorrow.

The pistols I carried at Elchingen, a gift from General D'Auvergne; an Austrian sabre I had taken from its owner, still ornamented with a little knot of ribbon, Minette had fastened to the hilt, hung above the chimney; and I could scarce look on them without tears. On the table still lay open the "ordre du jour," which named me to the legion of honour; and now——the humblest soldier that carried his musket in the ranks was my superior. Not all the principle on which I founded my resolve was proof against this first outburst of my sorrow.

The chivalrous ardour of a soldier's life had long supplied to me the place of those appliances to happiness which other men possess. Each day I followed it the path grew dearer to me. Every bold and daring feat, every deed of enterprize or danger, seemed to bring me, in thought at least, nearer to him whose greatness was my idolatry; and now, all this was to be as a mere dream—a thing which had been, and was to be no more.

While I revolved such sad reflections, a single knock came to my door. I opened it, and saw a soldier of my own regiment. His dress was travel-stained and splashed, and he looked like one off a long journey. He knew me at once, and accosted me by name, as he presented a letter from General D'Auvergne.

"You've had a smart ride," said I, as I surveyed his flushed face and disordered uniform.

"Yes, captain, from the 'Oder.' Our division is full twelve leagues from this. I left on yesterday morning, for the General was particular that the charger should not suffer on the way; as if a beast like that would mind double the distance."

By this time I had opened the letter, which merely contained the following few lines:—

"My dear Burke—Every new arrival here has brought me some fresh intelligence of you, and of your conduct at Jena; nor can I say with what pride I have heard that the Emperor has included you among the list of the 'decorés.' This is the day I often prophesied for you, and the true and only refutation against the calumnies of the false-hearted and the envious. I send you a Polish charger for your gala

review. Accept him from me, and believe that you have no warmer friend, nor more affectionate than yours,

"D'AUVERGNE, Lieut.-Gen.

"Encampment on the Oder, Nov. 24, 1806."

Before I had finished reading the letter, my eyes grew so dimmed I could scarcely trace the letters. Each word of kindness—every token of praise, now cut me to the heart. How agonising are the congratulations of friends on those events in life where our own conscience bears reproach against us—how poignant the self-accusation that is elicited by undeserved eulogy! How would *he* think of my conduct? By what means should I convince *him* that no alternative remained to me? I turned away, lest the honest soldier should witness my trouble, and as I approached the window, I beheld, in the court-yard beneath, the beautiful charger, which, with the full trappings of a hussar saddle, stood proudly flapping his deep flanks with his long silken tail. With what a thrill I surveyed him!—how my heart leaped, as I fancied myself borne along on the full tide of battle, each plunge he gave responsive to the stroke of my sword arm! For an instant I forgot all that had happened, and gazed on his magnificent crest and splendid shape with an ecstasy of delight.

"Ay," said the dragoon, whose eyes were rivetted in the same quarter, "there's not a marshal of France so well mounted; and he knows the trumpet call like the oldest soldier of the troop."

"You will return to-morrow," said I, recovering myself suddenly, and endeavouring to appear composed and at ease. "Well, then, to-night, I shall give you an answer for the general. Be here at eight o'clock."

I saw that my troubled air and broken voice had not escaped the soldier's notice, and was glad when the door closed, and I was again alone.

My first care was to write to the general; nor was it till after many efforts I succeeded to my satisfaction in conveying, in a few and simple words, the reasons of that step which must embitter my future life. I explained how deeply continued mistrust had wounded me—how my spirit, as a soldier and a gentleman, revolted at the "espionage" established over my actions—that it was in weighing these insults against the wreck of all my hopes, I had chosen that path which had neither fame, nor rank, nor honour, but still left me an untrammelled spirit, and a mind at peace with itself.

"I have now," said I, "to begin the world anew, without one clue to guide me. Every illusion with which I had invested life has left me—I must choose both a career and a country, and bear with me from this nothing but the heartfelt gratitude I shall ever retain for one, who befriended me through weal and woe, and whose memory I shall bless while I live."

I felt relieved and more at ease when I finished this letter—the endeavour to set my conduct in its true light to another had also its effect upon my own convictions. I knew, besides, that I had sacrificed

to my determination all my worldly prospects, and believed, that where self-interest warred with principle, the right course could scarcely be doubtful.

All this time, not one thought ever occurred to me of how I was to meet the future. It was strange, but so perfectly had the present crisis filled my mind, there was not room for even a glance at what was to come.

My passport was made out for Paris, and thither I must go. So much was decided for me without intervention on my part; and now it only remained for me to dispose of the little trappings of my former estate, and take the road.

The Jews who always accompanied the army offered a speedy resource in this emergency. My anxiety to leave Berlin by daybreak, and thus avoid a meeting of any acquaintances there, made me accept of the sums they offered. To them such negociations were of daily occurrence, and they well knew how to profit by them. My whole worldly wealth consisted of two hundred Napoleons, and with this small pittance to begin life, I sat myself down tothink whither I should turn, or what course adopt.

The night passed over thus, and when day dawned, I had not closed my eyes. About four o'clock, the diligence in which I had secured a place for Weimar drew up at my door. I hurried down, and mounting to a seat beside the conducteur, I buried my face in the folds of my cloak, nor dared to look up until we had passed beyond the precincts of the city, and were travelling along on that vast plain of sand which surrounds Berlin.

The conducteur was a Prussian, and divining my military capacity in my appearance, he maintained a cold and distant civility—never speaking, except when spoken to, and even then, in as few words as possible. This was itself a relief to me—my heart was too full of its own sufferings to find pleasure in conversation, and I dreamed away the hours till nightfall.

PR 4884
T6
18436
n.17

MR. LEVER'S WORKS.

TOM BURKE OF "OURS."

Vol. I., Twenty-four Etchings, 13s. cloth. Continued in Monthly Numbers, 1s. each.

JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.

With a Portrait and numerous Illustrations, 14s. cloth.

CHARLES O'MALLEY,

THE IRISH DRAGOON.

Two Vols. 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, 24s. cloth.

CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

With Illustrations, 12s. cloth.

Dublin: WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Co. London: W. S. ORR, and Co.
Sold by all Booksellers.

13, *Great Marlborough-street.*

MR. LEVER'S NEW WORK, ILLUSTRATED BY CRUIKSHANK.

ARTHUR O'LEARY; HIS WANDERINGS AND PONDERINGS IN MANY LANDS, edited by his Friend, HARRY LORREQUER, and Illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, in 3 vols. post 8vo, is now ready at all the Booksellers and Libraries throughout the Kingdom.

HENRY COLBURN, Publisher, 13, Great Marlborough-street, London. Agent for Ireland, JOHN CUMMING, Dublin.

"Hitherto Lever has confined the high tide of his humour to a monthly flow, but it has now swollen into the full flood of three volumes, and brings us 'Arthur O'Leary's Wanderings and Ponderings in many Lands' at one and the same time. The good spirits of the author never fail him, and Arthur O'Leary wanders and ponders only to find us, without a symptom of flagging, at his heels. We can hardly give a more expressive picture of O'Leary's travels, than by saying that they afford a series of capital pictures for Cruikshank. The vivifying power of talent lights up the work every where. Lever is famous for his bold, broad, dashing sketches, and deservedly so; but he can paint with admirable minuteness and finish. Witness his descriptions of Dutch scenes and people, which are worthy of the clear and skilful pen of Washington Irving. The same humour characterizes his remarks upon his travelling countrymen, of whose doings his sketches are often ludicrous records. Mr. Lever has shown great versatility in his new work. There is a deep interest in his stories."—*Ainsworth's Magazine.*

SELTZER WATER, 3s. per Dozen, Sparkling and Aerated, landed from the Brunnens Wednesdays and Saturdays, silver-wired over, as patronized by her Majesty and the principal Clubs and Physicians. Brighton and all the British and German Waters, both natural and artificial, at the uniform rate of 3s. per Dozen Half-Pints; 4s. 6d. Pints; 6s. Quarts. Glass Bottles, 3s. per Dozen; Stone do. 1s. 6d.; allowed for when returned.

Farina's Strongest Eau de Cologne and Lavender Water, . . .	21s. ℔ doz.	East India Madeira .	30s. ℔ doz.
Sherry's Dinner Wines .	18s. to 28s.	Superior Port (8 years old)	30s. „
Superior Old Amontillado Sherry . . .	50s.	Light Port, . . .	18s. „
		Hocks and Champagnes .	42s. „
		Moselles and Clarets, .	30s. to 42s.
		Lopes Principes Cigars .	18s. ℔ lb.

All orders per penny-post sent out within one hour.

LAMBE and Co., SHIPPERS TO THE TRADE, 11, GREAT PRESCOT-STREET, MINORIES.

THE

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,

EDITED BY HARRY LORREQUER,

Is published monthly, price 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS OF THE NUMBERS PUBLISHED DURING THE PRESENT YEAR :

JANUARY.

Historic Tableaux—No. I.—The 18th Brumaire. Episodes of Eastern Travel—The Nile—Mahmoudish Canal—Cairo. Dramatic Poetry—Henry the Second. Epigrams. Arrah Neil, or, Times of Old ; by G. P. R. James, Esq.—Chaps. XVII. to XX. Mesmerism ; by Irys Herfner. To England ; written in India. Our Portrait Gallery —No. XXXIV.—William Maginn, LL.D., with an Etching. Grant's Paris and its People. Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches ; Third Series. Repeal Movement—The Prosecution.

FEBRUARY.

L'Irlande Apocryphe. The Mishaps of Mister Latitat Nabhim, during a Short Professional Visit to the Sister Island ; Chaps. I. to III. Life of Gerald Griffin. Stray Leaflets from the German Oak ; Fifth Drift. An Ecclesiastical Legislature—No. II.—Convocations. Beranger and his Songs ; by William Dowe. A Bevy of Little Books. The Present State, Influence, and Prospects of Art. Arrah Neil, or, Times of Old ; by G. P. R. James, Esq.—Chaps. XXI. to XXIII. Episodes of Eastern Travel.—Life upon the Nile—Songs of the Nile—Memphis. Gossip among the Infernals. A Chapter on Grandmothers ; by a Country Cousin. Babel ; by Mrs. James Gray. Chips from the Library Table.

MARCH.

The Mishaps of Mister Latitat Nabhim, during a Short Professional Visit to the Sister Island ; Chaps. IV. to XI. Mesmerism ; by Irys Herfner—Second Article. Songs of the Flowers. Goethe's Iphigenia, translated by Miss Swanwick. Arrah Neil, or, Times of Old ; by G. P. R. James, Esq.—Chaps. XXIV. to XXVIII. Poems ; by Mrs. Dalkeith Holmes. Nuts and Nutcrackers—No. X.—A Nut for the Ojibbeways—A Nut for the Humane Society—A Nut for the Landlord and Tenant Commission—A Nut for the State Trials. Correspondence of John Fourth Duke of Bedford. M. de Lamartine—"L'Etat, L'Eglise, and L'Enseignement." Zoology and Civilization. The late Prosecutions.

APRIL.

The Irish Question. The Three Suitors ; a Legend of Rheineck. Glimpses in the Mountains ; No. I. Perils of the Nation. The Mishaps of Mister Latitat Nabhim, during a Short Professional Visit to the Sister Island ; Chaps. XII. to XIV.—Conclusion. Translation of Schiller's Hero and Leander ; by John Anster, LL.D. Arrah Neil, or, Times of Old ; by G. P. R. James, Esq.—Chaps. XXIX. and XXX. Southey and his Poems. Canova and his Works. Some New Jottings in my Note-Book—First Gathering ; by a Dreamer. Ordnance Memoir of Ireland. Nuts and Nutcrackers.—No. XI.—A Nut for the "real" Liberator—A Nut for "her Majesty's Servants"—A Nut for the Traversers—A Nut for Climbing Boys. The Bridal of Melcha. Chips from the Librar Table—Bundle the Second.

MAY.

The Census of 1841. Barrow's Life of Sir Francis Drake. Hymn to the Sea. Literæ Orientales—No. V.—Ottoman Poetry. Arrah Neil, or, Times of Old ; by G. P. R. James, Esq.—Chaps. XXXI. and XXXII. Girardin's "Cours de Litterature." Mrs. Gray's "Sketches from the Antique, and other Poems." Essays ; by an Invalid. Nuts and Nutcrackers—No. XII.—A Nut for the Coroners—A Nut for a "New Verdict." Uncle Mosely and the Railroads. Rambling Records of People and Places—No. I.—Sunrise from the Righi. The Church Education Society and the National Board.

Printed by J. S. FOLDS, SON, and PATTON, 5, Bachelor's-walk.